The SOUL *Diſplay'd.*

BEING AN

ESSAY

ON THE

PASSIONS.

Divided into particular Chapters.

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LONDON;

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane*. M.DCC.XXVII.

(Price 6*d.*)

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CHAP. I.

On LOVE.

LOVE being the Captain-General of all the Paſſions, and from which all the others naturally flow, I begin with that; and alſo becauſe I look upon it to be the very firſt, which, to any great purpoſe, agitates the Breaſt. *Fear*, and *Anger*, indeed, diſturb us in our Infancy, but then they are but childiſh Paſſions, the Emotions they occaſion weak, and of a ſhort continuance; but when we once know what it is

to *love*, we *fear*, and are *enraged* in good *earneſt*——I would therefore have my Sex take care, in the firſt place, to guard their Hearts from the Invaſions of this dangerous Enemy, and I believe they may then be free from any Excitements that can diſturb either their own Tranquillity, or that of their Neighbours.

I believe my Reader will eaſily perceive I ſpeak not of that ſort of Love, which is the Cement of Society, the Band of Peace, and without which, Men would be fit Company only for Beaſts of Prey; this is not indeed properly call'd a *Paſſion*, but the moſt Cardinal *Virtue*; ſince it is principally recommended to us in Holy Writ, *viz.*

See that you love one another.

And in another place, *Matth.* vii. 12.

Whatſoever you would that Men ſhould do unto you, do unto them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.

But as my Deſign is not to ſet forth the Bleſſings of *Amity*, but the Dangers to which that ſort of Inclination, that the difference of Sexes excites, expoſes the unwary Soul; I ſhall, in as full a manner as my Capacity admits, begin to ſet forth the Riſe, the Progreſs, and Conſequences of that ſeemingly *pleaſing*, but, in the end, *deſtructive* Paſſion, and how far it is an Inlet to others alſo of the moſt pernicious quality: inſomuch that it may be ſaid, he, or ſhe, who *loves* in that manner, is likewiſe, according to the difference of Time, and Circumſtances, *fearful*, *envious*, *angry*, *jealous*, *revengeful*,

ful, deſpairing; and, in fine, a Perſon who may eaſily be provoked to become guilty of the moſt miſchievous Actions both to themſelves and others. This, to thoſe who are caught in the deluſive Snare, and ſee not yet the Miſeries to which they are about to be reduced, I know will be look'd on no more than as an Invective; but I doubt not, before I have done, to give ſuch Proofs of what I ſay, as ſhall, with the aſſiſtance of their own *Reaſon*, enable them to withſtand the gilded Bait, who have not ſwallow'd too large a ſhare of it; and make thoſe who, Senſe-deceiv'd, have already been ſo unhappy, tremble at the Certainty of their approaching Fate.

The beginning of *Love* is *Likeing*; that Object which happens to be moſt agreeable to our Fancy, attracts the Gazer's Eye: we look with pleaſure, and every Glance ſhoots thro' the Veins a kind of a delightful Anguiſh, a tickling Smart, which we at firſt know not the meaning of, and never can deſcribe!———When the dear Viſion is withdrawn, Imagination, retentive of each Grace, preſents them in Idea!. with the Mind's Eye we view the Charmer ſtill! and the Soul ſwells with the new-born Deſire! ———Hence follow Longings and Impatiencies for a ſecond Interview, our Slumbers are broke by feeling Dreams, we never are at reſt; ſleeping and waking, induſtrious *Love* is buſy in the Heart, and loſes not a moment, till he is wholly Maſter of every captiv'd Faculty: one may, therefore, juſtly ſay, that tho' there is ſomething unaccountably pleaſing in the firſt Approaches of this Paſſion; yet the very beginning of it is the Period of our Quiet.

But

But when a nearer Acquaintance with the adored Object, diſcovers, as we imagine, new Charms, and ſeems to engage *Reaſon* to take the part of *Paſſion*, how much in vain would it be for any Arguments, in oppoſition of our Deſires, to gain ground upon us: We cannot bear to be talk'd to on that Head, our deareſt Friends ſeem now our Enemies; we fly their Converſe, deteſt their Preſence, and aſſociate ourſelves only with ſuch as, thro' Folly or Deſign, flatter the ſoft Frenzy, and affect to think as we do. Dreſs, and the Deſire of pleaſing, now takes up all our Moments; *Buſineſs* is worſe than Hell, all *Duties* are forgot, *Intereſt* neglected, nothing thought on but the means how to advance our Paſſion; when abſent, all our time is taken up in *ſtudying* the part, which, when preſent, we *act* over———What a Diſpoſition of Mind is this! Were no worſe to enſue, 'tis certainly ſuch, as none in their right Senſes would chuſe to be of: but the misfortune is, that Perſons ſo infatuated, ſee not the Errors they commit; and by believing all they do juſtifiable, ſuffer themſelves to become Objects of Pity, if not Contempt, and ſometimes Deteſtation, to the diſcerning part of the World.

But all this while, ſome Intervals of Delight repay the pains we are at; for, as the Poet ſays,

There is a Pleaſure ſure in being mad,
Which none but Madmen know.

And the Joy we ſometimes feel, is ſo very exquiſite, that in thoſe bliſsful Moments, we are apt

apt to look down with Scorn on the *wiſe Fools*, who think themſelves above being ſubjected to the power of *Love*, and laugh at them, who with good reaſon do ſo at us——Sweetly pleaſing, and enchanting, are the Proſpects which this flattering Paſſion preſents us with; a diſtant Heaven of ever-during Joy the gay-dreſs'd Scene affords, and we think we can never be too eager in the purſuit of it; a little longer, and *Hope* ſtill promiſes us the ſure Poſſeſſion of it———How utterly impoſſible then is it for the Perſon thus raviſh'd in Imagination, to liſten to any thing which may interrupt the preſent Extaſy, or endure the cruel Meaſures that would deſtroy the glorious Image of expected Bliſs!———No, all Attempts to this purpoſe are ineffectual, and what is really the Conſequence of the ſincereſt Friendſhip, is miſtaken for the Effects of Envy, and an ungenerous Nature———We will *love* on in ſpite of all the Admonitions, which either Precept or Example can afford; and unwarn'd by the Ills of others, indulge the pleaſing Ruin, and think it glorious to ſuffer in ſuch a Cauſe.

We are ſo far from believing the Condition we are in, a *Weakneſs*, that we boaſt of it as a Proof of the ſupremeſt *Elegance of Nature*, are proud of Shame, and vain of our own Folly; we muſt have our *Confidantes*, Perſons who will liſten to our Complainings, or congratulate our Extaſies, according as the Whim influences us to either: Nor is it only to one or two choſen Favourites we diſcloſe this Secret of our Soul, but all the World who ſee or hear us, muſt alſo be made ſenſible of the ſame; and the more we are taken notice of for our *Indiſcretion*, the

more

more we fancy ourſelves conſiderable for our *Wit* and *Delicacy*. The two greateſt Misfortunes of *Love*, and *Poverty*, are, that they cannot be conceal'd; yet does not the *haughty* Mind put itſelf to greater pains to hide the *one*, than the *enamour'd* one to make known the *other*. In this Caſe, indeed, out of the Abundance of the *Heart* doth the *Mouth* ſpeak; and as if it were not enough that our *Eyes* in tender Languiſhments betray the melting Folly, and *Sighs*, and every now and then a *Tear*, in which Grief has no part, were not ſufficiently intelligible, the *Tongue* muſt alſo have a ſhare in expoſing its Owner's Misfortune. The *Bleſſings*, or the *Woes*, of *Love*, are the continual Subjects of our Converſation; we can talk on nothing elſe with ſatisfaction, and if compell'd, as it were, to enter into a different Theme, we preſently grow contradictory and peeviſh; deep Frowns deform the Brow, and Hoarſeneſs turns the Voice to Diſcord, or elſe a ſullen Silence teſtifies the inward Diſcontent. This is an Experiment which myſelf has often tried on many of *Cupid*'s infatuated Tribe——But again reſume the Diſcourſe on *Love*, let your Tongue wander either in commendation or diſpraiſe of that Paſſion, how ſuddenly the late Gloom is diſſipated! gay dimpling Smiles play round the Mouth, the Eyes re-ſparkle with their uſual Fires; the Lover is again good Company, and talks as much, and perhaps more, than you would wiſh.

Nothing certainly can be more pleaſant to themſelves, or more ridiculous to an ill-natur'd Obſerver, than when two of theſe enchanted Wretches meet, and happen to be acquainted with

with the Humour of each other, as I have already made out how impoſſible it is for them to conceal it: How both make a Boaſt of that, which, if *Reaſon* had not utterly renounc'd her Empire, they would bluſh but to be thought guilty of! Vie with each other in Extravagancies, and are ready to quarrel which has arrived at the greateſt perfection of Imprudency! Often have I heard one ſay to the other—*Alas! thou knoweſt nothing of the noble Paſſion—Thou haſt neither Tenderneſs nor Delicacy of Soul ſufficient to make thee comprehend what 'tis to love as I do.———There is a Sublimity in the Nature of my Paſſion, which few, if any beſide myſelf, were ever capable of feeling.* Then do they run on with a long Detail of the Particulars of their bewitch'd Behaviour, and think the more of *Madneſs* they diſcover, the more of *Glory* they acquire.

So much does this fond Paſſion enervate, or rather deaden all rational Conſiderations, that to thoſe poſſeſs'd of it, to be in reality the moſt *contemptible*, appears to be the moſt *deſerving*: and as all other Misfortunes in the World, are ſooneſt known by thoſe who are oppreſs'd with them; this, tho' of all the moſt heavy, is by the Perſon on whom it falls, laſt acknowledg'd to be ſo. How much then is it the Buſineſs of every one, who wiſhes to preſerve their Peace of Mind, their Reputation among People, or their Intereſt in the World, to guard their Hearts from giving entrance to this ſweet Deception; which, while it ſubjects us to all that we would wiſh to avoid, lulls us with a falſe Security, and an Aſſurance of acquiring all that we can hope———We dwell in Air!

graſp, in Theory, imagin'd Worlds! are, in our own Conceit, ſomething divine! but in the more juſt Judgment of our Neighbours, much worſe than nothing, the very Fools of Nature, and permitted Examples of the Force of Paſſion, and the Wretchedneſs of Humanity, when abandon'd by the Dictates of Reaſon.

Of what ſignification has been the moſt liberal Education, the moſt elevated Genius, the beſt-turn'd Head, or greateſt Propenſity to Buſineſs or Improvement; when *Love* has once taken poſſeſſion of the Soul, all other Avocations are laid by: Learning is of no further uſe, Study becomes a Toil, all Arts and Sciences loſe their accuſtom'd Reliſh, and we become indeed, as Lovers ordinarily ſubſcribe themſelves, wholly devoted to that deſtructive Paſſion; which, like a Whirlpool, ſwallows up all that would withſtand its Force.

Go into the Apartment of a Military Man, you ſhall find his Sword grown to his Scabbard, his Armour ruſty, all his Furniture out of order, the Trumpets Notes no more delight his Ear; no more the Drums ſalute his Morning Wakeings, nor the briſk Talk of War enlivens his Deſires, and makes him burn for Glory. The Merchant quits the *Bourſe*, neglects the Winds; and having his mind on what he thinks moſt valuable Traffick, diſdains the paltry Gain which Wealth affords. The Scholar throws away his Books, diſdains his Tutor, and makes no other uſe of what he has learned, than to inveigh againſt all Learning; and turns to Ridicule a Study he no longer has the power to follow. The Town-bred Dame neglects her Spinet, tears her half-

fill'd

fill'd Sampler, learns to deſpiſe Mamma, returns no Viſits; but in ſome Corner, ſilent and uninterrupted, in ruinous Languiſhments paſſes all the day. The humble Village-Maid, induſtrious till now, and hardy, forgets her Dairy, ſuffers the unheeded Sheep to ſtray at will; and the tame Poultry, watchful for their Crumbs, peck with their little Bills againſt the Door in vain. No more ſhe, early as the Lark, is ſeen to ſcud about the Lawns, and count the Lambs; the angry Father chides her Sloth, and fruitleſly reminds her of her Duty: a ſtronger Motive now reigns in her Soul, Obedience, and the Means of Living, are no longer prevalent. In every State of Life it is the ſame, we no ſooner commence Lovers, than we become unfit for every thing beſide our Paſſion; and whatever we might boaſt to have attain'd before from the Impulſe of our own Genius, or the Benefit of Education, is no farther of uſe or to ourſelves, or thoſe to whom we belong.

But beſide the Diſadvantages which this Paſſion brings on our Character and worldly Intereſt, it is alſo of the moſt pernicious conſequence to our own Peace of Mind: A tranquil Lover would be indeed a Prodigy, and what as yet has never been heard of———— Theſe raviſhing Ideas of which I have ſpoke, are ſucceeded by others of a contrary nature, and for one moment of Felicity, they have a thouſand of Miſery; 'tis true, their Pleaſures are exceeding all that can be experienced by a Perſon ignorant of the Paſſion; but then they have Torments alſo, which the Inſenſible can never know: The Mind of a Lover is always in Extremes, the Impulſe will admit no Me-

dium; extravagantly bleſs'd! extravagantly curs'd! by turns; and how little Reſt the Heart ſo toſs'd, can be capable of feeling, 'tis eaſy to gueſs, without proving in one's own Perſon the perplexing Viciſſitude.

Who would then give entertainment to a Paſſion, which not only renders one wholly incapable of the Management of one's Affairs, makes one juſtly ridiculous to the World, but alſo makes one's Soul a perfect Chaos of Confuſion? A Paſſion which has no other Benefit in it, than the Sprinklings of an uncertain wavering Felicity, which are immediately enſued by whole Showers of Vexation, and which involves us in a perpetual Agitation and Tumult of Spirit.

But if this were all the Misfortunes which attend our giving way to the Inſinuations of *Love*; when once cured of that Paſſion, we might hope to find a Remedy for all our Inadvertency had brought upon us: Good Conduct might poſſibly retrieve our Character, and Management and Application our Intereſt and Friends; but the moſt fatal conſequence of it is, that it brings after it a Train of Paſſions more pernicious than itſelf. This I have taken notice of in the beginning of my Diſcourſe, and ſhall now proceed to prove, by endeavouring to define them in that order as they generally follow.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

On FEAR.

FEAR is allow'd to be the meaneſt and moſt ſlaviſh of all the Paſſions; yet is it impoſſible for the Breaſt, which harbours *Love*, to be free from it. The ſtouteſt Soldier, if he be indeed a Lover, trembles at the Frowns of his Miſtreſs; and the proudeſt Beauty, confeſſing that Paſſion, dreads leſt ſhe ſhould become leſs lovely in the eyes which have ſubdued her.

Love has no ſooner ſeated himſelf in the Soul, than *Fear* naturally attends him; nor is it more or leſs prevalent in one Sex than the other in this caſe: it appears in the *Man*, when he is about to *implore*; in the *Woman*, when ſhe fain would *grant*, if not by this Paſſion for a while withheld; and it is alſo equally the ſame in both, as to the Cautiouſneſs of offending.

When we are in *love*, how fearful are we of ſaying or doing any thing which may diſpleaſe the darling Object?——How do we conſult the

the very Looks of the Perſon we admire, while we are ſpeaking, leſt we ſhould utter what may not be approv'd by them?——How do we ſtudy their Humours for not only our Behaviour, but alſo our very Dreſs! It is not according to the Faſhion, but the Fancy of the Charmer, that we endeavour to ſuit our Clothes, and ſometimes render ourſelves Apes to the reſt of the World, in hope of becoming agreeable to the Perſon, who is too much ſo to us. In fine, *Fear* governs our every Action, and nothing is left to our own choice.

When abſent from the dear Idol, with what Terrors are we every moment invaded? How do we tremble with the Apprehenſions, that ſome one of the ſame Sex may be more happy than ourſelves? The bare *Poſſibility* of ſuch a Misfortune, makes us even ſweat with Agony, but a *Probability* renders us quite diſtracted; yet dare we not complain when preſent, leſt the tender *Fear* ſhould be taken for *Jealouſy*, and we *offend* where we would *pleaſe*.

When ſo ſubſervient therefore to the Will of another, what Vices may not ſuch a *Fear* influence us to aſſiſt! what Crimes conceal! In a word, if we remain in Innocence, it is more owing to the Diſpoſition of the Perſon we *love*, than to our own Virtue; ſince having ſubjected our Deſires to theirs, we have no longer the power of acting any thing of ourſelves, and ſeem but as Machines to be moved any way, according to the pleaſure of this created Deity.

This is an Argument, which I know few will care to acknowledge, tho' they every day give proofs of it in their Behaviour; yet if it be true,

true, as all allow, that nothing affords ſo great a Satisfaction to a Lover, as the means of obliging the beloved Object, it muſt naturally follow, that the *Fear* of offending will be found of equal force; and he, or ſhe, who ſcruples nothing to pleaſe, will certainly ſcruple nothing which may preſerve them from the danger of diſpleaſing.

This Paſſion, therefore, tho' it ſeems to be of ill conſequence only to the Character of the Perſon who is poſſeſs'd of it, when it happens to be the Companion of *Love*, may be carry'd to very dangerous heights, and become as miſchievous to Society, as any of the reſt of the Frailties of Humanity. As for example, ſuppoſe we are ſo unhappy as to doat to this degree on a Detracter, a Traitor, a Murderer, or Sorcerer; this ſlaviſh *Fear*, of which I ſpeak, will compel the inconſiderate Adorer to become Partner in any, or all theſe Crimes, rather than be reduc'd to that greater Misfortune, of tranſgreſſing the Rules of *Love*, and being baniſh'd the Preſence and Favour of the Charmer.

Fear, therefore, of this kind, renders one not only mean-ſpirited, but likewiſe baſe, and wicked, in the moſt ſuperlative degree; nor can any one harbour it without the moſt poignant Uneaſineſſes; for howſoever *Love*, and its Pleaſures, may caſt a Miſt before our Senſes, Thought will ſometimes break thro', and reflecting on the Unworthineſs of our Behaviour, we ſhall be even in *Fear*, that we may be one day hated for thoſe very Vices or Follies, which nothing but the fear of being hated, if repugnant to them, could have enforc'd us to commit.

There

There are, beſides theſe I have mention'd, many other Demonſtrations, that *Love* enters not the proudeſt and moſt determin'd Mind, without introducing *Fear* there alſo: but I think there needs no more, to deter any one of a generous Spirit from entertaining a Paſſion, which brings with it another of ſo ſervile a kind, and which likewiſe ſo far unguards the Soul, that it is left free for the Invaſion of every Oppoſer of Reaſon; as I thus undertake to make plain and obvious to the meaneſt Capacity, if unprepoſſeſs'd with that Deluſion, which renders every thing that tends to the opening their eyes, appear cruel and deſigning.

CHAP. III.

On ENVY.

ENVY in the Mind of a Lover, is the Conſequence of *Fear*; tho' we may be entirely free from this vile Paſſion in every other Circumſtance of Life, yet here it is unavoidable: we wiſh ſtill to be ſomething which we are not, more to attract the Affections of the beloved Object; and envy every one, who we ſee bleſs'd with thoſe Perfections we cannot attain to ourſelves, whether it be Beauty, Wit, Wealth, or Birth——How rejoic'd are we to hear, that ſome Misfortune has obſcur'd the Luſtre of any of theſe Charms, and ſtruggle againſt the Dictates of our own Conſcience, to blacken with Detraction a Brightneſs which we fear and envy?

The leaſt Praiſe given by the Perſon we love, tho' with never ſo much juſtice, is Poiſon to our Ears; we cannot bear it, and from that moment bend our whole Study to render them leſs worthy either in appearance or reality; and

from the Effects of this Paſſion, not even thoſe who have been our deareſt Friends, or are our neareſt Relations, are exempt———the Siſter looks with deteſtation on the Siſter's Charms—the Brother no longer approves the Brother's Worth——even Parents are brought to curſe the Bloom of their own Offſpring———and Children to hate the Merits of their Parents.—When once this Paſſion has gain'd entrance in the Mind, no Ties, no Obligations of Blood and Nature, are ſufficient to give a check to its pernicious Force, or ſtop the Flow of its impetuous Current!

Then with what dire Emotions does the Boſom ſwell! how do we rage, and foam, and tear ourſelves! what endleſs Racks of Thought rend the inventive Brain, to find the means of Miſchief!——Nothing ſure can ſo much equal us with the Fiends, as this deteſted Paſſion——our Eyes can take no pleaſure but in beholding Miſery, nor our Ears but in Tales of Horror——we loſe all Society, but ſuch who by their Demerits can give no room either for *Fear* or *Envy*; and to be deſerving, is ſufficient to be baniſh'd from our Converſation.

How truly wretched are we in ſuch a State! we dread the Company we like, and deny ourſelves the Pleaſure and Improvement they are capable of affording, for fear they ſhould appear too conſiderable to the Perſon, whoſe Affections we are ambitious to engroſs. The akeing Mind is now in a perpetual Whirl——eternal Cares attend the buſy Thoughts——we tremble but at the mention of any Perfection in one of our own Sex——the Sight of it is Hell——and to find it taken notice of by the Per-

Perſon we love, a Torment for which Language has no Name———We hate not only thoſe we envy, but our very ſelves alſo, for the want of that Merit, which while we can ſo little endure to hear another applauded for, we *endeavour* not to become Maſters of, nor indeed never *can*, ſo long as theſe vile Paſſions are at work within us.

Every thing now becomes irkſome to us, a Wearineſs and Reſtleſſneſs of Spirit purſues us whereſoever we go; Time hangs heavy on our hands, we know not what to do with ourſelves, we are always impatient, always out of humour, the leaſt ſhadow of an Interruption in our Amour alarms us, and even in the preſence of the dear Inſpirer, cannot be perfectly at eaſe——the moſt ſolemn Imprecations of an inviolable Fidelity, reſettles not our Tranquillity—— *Fear*, and a Conſciouſneſs that we deſerve not the fine things ſaid to us, makes us imagine, tho' directed to us, they are meant for another, and we envy an Idea of our own Formation.

So wretched to ourſelves, as well as dangerous to Merit in general, and to thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to be of our particular Acquaintance, does this truly odious Paſſion render us; that if People would but examine Nature, and the Progreſs of thoſe Frailties to which Humanity is incident, they would certainly make uſe of their utmoſt Efforts to ward off the Approaches of that firſt, which ſo evidently makes room for the reſt.

Envy does not only deform the Beauty of the *Mind*, but of the *Body* alſo; it makes the Eyes grow hollow and languid, the Cheeks pale and

wither'd, the Bloom to fade, and in its place deep Furrows, the certain Scars of the Soul's inteſtine Tumults. Thus does this *Conſequence* of *Love* contribute to the *Deſtruction* of *Love*, by taking away thoſe Charms which firſt gave it a Being in the Adorer's Heart; and when an *Aſſurance* of that Miſery puts a period to the *Fear* of its being ſo, we are indeed arriv'd at the utmoſt extremity of Wretchedneſs.

Then follow Emotions moſt terrible to Nature, but of them I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak anon; it is my buſineſs at preſent to define the Paſſions, as one leads on the other, which when I have done, I ſhall take the liberty of giving my Judgment on the whole; in which, I hope, I ſhall urge nothing but what ſhall be conſiſtent with right Reaſon, and bear the Teſt of the moſt ſtrict Examination.

CHAP. IV.

On JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY and *Envy* are ſo link'd together, that ſcarcely can they be diſtinguiſh'd one from another by their Effects; we are naturally *jealous* of thoſe we *envy*, and doubtleſs, *envy* thoſe of whom we are *jealous*; yet are they to be known aſunder by theſe Marks.

We firſt *fear* the Influence of a ſuperior Merit, then *envy* it, and in the next place are *jealous* of it; ſo that one may ſay, that *Fear* is the beginning of *Jealouſy*, and *Jealouſy* the end of *Fear*: *Envy* accompanies both, and adds a double Portion of bitterneſs of heart; *Fear*, and *Envy*, receive their Birth from a kind of a *general* Suſpence; but *Jealouſy* does not greatly ſhow itſelf, till it finds ſome *particular* Object at once to *fear*, to *envy*, and to be ſuſpicious of: yet is this Paſſion as void of *Reaſon* as the foregoing ones, we are as often jealous without a Cauſe, as with one, and imagine things for

for which there is not the leaſt ground; but an *Appearance* paſſes for a ſubſtantial *Proof*. To this, by ſwift degrees, does *Fear* and *Envy* bring the enamour'd Mind; and then, as the inimitable *Shakeſpear* moſt juſtly obſerves,

Oh! what damn'd Minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

The Roar of Seas, the Whirl of Winds, the Crack of Mountains, the Rage of ſubterranean Fires, and the wild Wreck of Nature, when mingling Elements threaten all with Chaos, every dread Idea, which the ſhock'd Thought can form, are mean, compared to what the little World of Man preſents us with, when *jealous Love* lords it about in his divided Soul.

In fine, nothing can come up to the Torments of *Jealouſy*, at leaſt on this ſide the Grave; and many there have been, who unable to ſuſtain them, have leap'd the Barriers which Fate has ſet to keep in Life, and boldly ventur'd on dark Futurity, rather than continue in a World, whoſe Torments, they think, are not to be exceeded by the moſt exquiſite Skill of the avenging Powers. This Paſſion, when it once gets head, tho' begot by *Fear*, deſtroys all *Fear*; the Perſon poſſeſs'd of it, imagining that all he trembled at is already fallen on him, has no longer a regard to any thing: he can liſten only to the Suggeſtions of his Frenzy, and to whatever Acts it prompts him, he readily adheres.

It is of ſo turbulent and impatient a nature, that it diſdains either Concealment or Controul ——it is deaf to Perſuaſions, and grows more mad

mad by Oppoſition——it knows no Fear, and is above Reſtraint, and, failing of the Effect it aims at, brings on, if poſſible, worſe and more dangerous Paſſions than itſelf.

On its firſt approach indeed it is ſilent, and lies cloſe in ambuſh, watching every Look and Motion; but as it is vaſtly liable to Miſtakings, it never fails to find freſh Fuel to ſupply its unextinguiſhable Fire. The moſt *innocent*, unthinking Ill, by a thouſand little Inadvertencies in Behaviour, provokes this Paſſion; and *Guilt*, tho' on its guard, wants Cunning to ſcreen itſelf from *Argus*-eyed Suſpicion.

What dreadful Effects attend this Tempeſt of the Mind, which not only with inceſſant Earthquakes rends the Breaſt which harbours it, but blows up all which comes within its reach! The utmoſt Extremes of the two ſtrongeſt Paſſions which can poſſibly actuate the Soul, now rage, now with equal force combat within us——at once we *love* and *hate*—— With what Words can be expreſs'd that Rack of Thought, when revolving in our memory each ſoft Endearment, every tender Word which lull'd us to embrace the ſweet Deſtruction, and then reflect that all thoſe dear Enchantments now bewitch a lovelier Rival———— to *have* been bleſs'd to that ſuperlative degree! and to be ſo *no more!* is to be curs'd indeed. Recollection, buſy to torment us, is ſtill comparing the *preſent* with the *paſt*, and makes Thought a Hell.

Nor are we more or leſs afflicted, as the Misfortune is *real* or *imaginary*; for as we owe *Contentment* to ourſelves alone, to *believe* that we are wretched, is to be ſo in *fact*. All our Pleaſures,

ſures, all our Miſeries, are but created by the Ideas which form-full *Fancy* preſents us with; and the unjudging Mind *exults* or is *depreſs'd*, according to the Will of that all-powerful Goddeſs.

How ungratefully then does this Paſſion, which is the Product of *Love*, prey on the very Vitals of its Parent! and in time deſtroy the Source of its Exiſtence; as Mr. *Dryden* ſays,

Small Jealouſies, *'tis true, enflame Deſire,*
Too great not fan, but quite put out the Fire.

What Lover, who is in reality ſincere, can bear to be perſecuted with eternal Suſpicions, oblig'd perpetually to vow, yet vow in vain, always *examin'd*, yet never *believ'd*, to be watch'd from place to place, confined to pay even thoſe Civilities he receives with Coldneſs, and to be rude to the whole Sex, to prove the regard he has for one?——It will in time weary out the moſt ardent Affection, and turn a Conſtancy, which elſe might be inviolable, into a deſire of changing——'Tis natural to ſeek eaſe, and not all the Pleaſures which *Love*, in itſelf affords, can compenſate for the Pains, when mix'd with *Jealouſy*. When we do all we can to pleaſe, yet nothing will ſuffice, when we conſider that we have been guilty of Abſurdities both in Good-Manners, and common Senſe, to ſatisfy the unaccountable Caprice of the jealous Charmer; yet after all, receive no other Recompence than Tears, Sighs, and ſullen Diſcontent: will it not make us in time grow out of humour with the Perſon who has occaſion'd this Conſtraint of Nature, and aſhamed of our own Folly?

Moſt

Moſt certainly it will, where *Love* has left the leaſt Remains of *Reaſon*, or Underſtanding. In what a Condition is then the jealous Wretch, who, ſelf-undone, perceives too late his Error, and has nothing to accuſe for his Misfortune, but his own Folly, and Diſtraction!

But if it works ſuch Effects on the truly ſincere, as certainly it does, how great an Excuſe does it afford to thoſe inclined to change! Tenderneſs, Good-Nature, and a Chearfulneſs of Behaviour, are the moſt probable means of ſecuring that Heart, which our perſonal Perfections have ſubdued; and, whatever the *Gay*, and *Vain*, may think of the Matter, are the only laſting Charms——*Beauty* ſoon grows familiar, in the Lover's Eyes, and even *Wit* loſes its Reliſh, when embitter'd with *Chagrin* and Peeviſhneſs. 'Tis natural for us to alledge, that the Perſon who is not *truſted*, has not the power of *betraying*——a generous Confidence engages us, our *Honour* is then concern'd; and that, as well as *Good-Nature*, compels us to be juſt, and frequently detains *Love*, when on the wing, and juſt ready to depart: it, however, infallibly engages our eternal Friendſhip and Complaiſance; *Jealouſy*, on the contrary, deſtroys all this, it not only gives the Lover a ſpecious pretence for his Inconſtancy, but alſo for his expoſing our Foibles to the World, and treating us with all the Contempt imaginable.

But as the Deſign of this little Treatiſe is not to tell People what is beſt for them to do, but to repreſent what theſe diſorderly Paſſions enforce them to do; I ſhall give over my Advice, and proceed to the next Fury, which takes poſſeſſion of the Lover's Mind.

CHAP. V.

On DESPAIR.

DESPAIR treads ſwift upon the ſteps of *Jealouſy*; it is that Paſſion which riſes in our Souls on a Detection of the ſuſpected Lover's Falſhood or Ingratitude; and as I have already proved, that the jealous Perſon will, either thro' his own Miſmanagement, or the natural Inconſtancy of the beloved Object, at laſt, find the Certainty of what he dreaded, he has then done with Doubt, Suſpence is at an end, and *Deſpair*, attended with all its horrible Ideas, takes the full poſſeſſion of his Soul; all the pleaſing Images, which ſometimes fed Reflection with Intervals of *Hope*——every rapturous Thought, which it was not always in the power of *Fear*, nor *Envy*, nor even *Jealouſy* itſelf, to rob us of, are now no more!———Nothing remains, but ſtill to wiſh, and to be certain that we wiſh in vain!———to know our Happineſs is paſt retrieve!——the Moments of Delight for ever fled, and

and all that are to enſue, come loaded with Increaſe of Miſery!———that we are doom'd to an irremediable, ever-during Woe, and that to our Impatience we chiefly are indebted for it. If one may be allow'd to make any compariſon between the Worlds, one may ſay that a Perſon in this State is damn'd while yet alive, endures what is as terrible to himſelf, and ought with the ſame juſtice to be ſhunn'd by all Mankind.

Deſpair is in effect a Complication of all the Paſſions which enflame to Miſchief———it has the baſe Deſignings of *Envy*, the Impatience of *Jealouſy*, the Cruelty of *Malice*, and the Violence of *Revenge*———*Love* it converts to *Hate*, and *Fear* to *Boldneſs*——No Act ſo dire, but *Deſperation* may enforce one to commit——— Madneſs is its leaſt of Ills, and happy is it for the World, as well as for one's ſelf, when, in this Circumſtance, the Brain, unable to ſuſtain the vaſt Confuſion of perplexed Ideas, grows wild, and ſwelling, breaks the little Fibres which link the Chain of Thought——elſe may ſuch Deſigns be form'd, ſuch Schemes contriv'd, as might involve a Million in Deſtruction.

Ah! who would then give entrance to a Paſſion, which, however ſweet in its beginnings, is liable to be attended with ſuch diſmal Conſequences! Who would conſent to purchaſe its tranſient Pleaſures at ſo dear a rate! It muſt therefore be infer'd, that none, when they give encouragement to the approach of *Love*, foreſee they muſt alſo receive *Fear*, *Envy*, *Jealouſy*, and *Deſpair*, with all their dread Adherents, and by thoſe Paſſions be ſubjected to Vices, which probably their Souls *then* would ſhudder but to

think on. And 'tis for this reaſon, as a Well-wiſher to the World, that I have thus ſet forth the Progreſs of the ſeveral Paſſions, as they naturally follow one another in the enamour'd Mind; being well aſſur'd, that thoſe who are now moſt deeply ting'd in the irremoveable Stain, had not been ſo, had they but conſider'd Nature in the manner as I have here defined it.

I know very well, that by ſome who have more *Wit* than *Wiſdom*, and a greater regard to *preſent Pleaſures* than *future Repoſe*, all I have ſaid will paſs but for the Envy of a *neglected Prude*, or the Malice of an *abandon'd Miſtreſs*; to which I ſhall make no other return, than, to prove how perfectly free I am from either of theſe Paſſions, I ſincerely wiſh, that none who *disbelieves*, may ever have cauſe to own themſelves *convinc'd*; chuſing much rather to paſs for a Preacher of *falſe* Doctrine, than that any of my Fellow-Creatures ſhould, ſo much to their Coſt, become Demonſtratives of my *Truth*.

Yet would I not have thoſe, who are free from the Impulſe of that Paſſion, diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of *Love*, believe it has always Conſequences ſuch as I have named; that were to perſuade the World to become *Anchorets*, to put an end to Propagation, and the different Sexes to become terrible, inſtead of pleaſing, to each other; in fine, it would be to ſubvert Nature, and contradict the principal Decree of Heaven, which gave its firſt Command to all created Beings, in theſe Words, *Geneſis*, chap. 1. ver. 28. *Go forth and multiply*. There is a *Love* between Man and Woman, which is not only free from Blame, but alſo very laudable, and ſo far from degenerating into a *Vice*, that it excites

cites us to *Virtue*; inſpiring a noble Ambition to become *worthy* of the Happineſs we *wiſh*, and an Emulation to outvie in *Merit* all who are *Rivals* in the ſame Deſire. This is a ſort of an Eſteem, an Admiration which is more tender, and has in it a greater Fervency than *Friendſhip*, yet differs but little from it, nor would at all, but for the difference of Sexes: between Perſons of the ſame, it is no other; but between Man and Woman, there is a natural Warmth, a kind of Tendency to ſomething more, than what conſiſts meerly with *Friendſhip*, and is therefore call'd *Love*: *Abraham* thus loved *Sarah*, and *Jacob*, influenced by this, ſerved fourteen Years, in hope at laſt to obtain the beautiful Daughter of *Laban*.

But the Paſſion of which I have been ſpeaking, and which is ſo highly dangerous to Repoſe, is that which with tumultuous Emotions agitates the Mind: Every one knows, that the Extreme of any thing is a Fault, even *Devotion* itſelf may fly to a pitch of *Enthuſiaſm* and *Superſtition*; then well may *Love*, tho' a noble Paſſion, when too much indulg'd, arrive at an *Exceſs*, which may be highly blameable, and pernicious in its Conſequences.

Let all the Youthful and the Gay, then, in the Name of Tenderneſs, *love* on; but take care to moderate the Emotions of their Paſſion in ſuch a manner, as ſhall prevent it from incurring the Miſchiefs I have been deſcribing: but ſince the Proverb ſays, that

——To be wiſe and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above;

I would have every one, when they feel the firſt Thrillings of Deſire play about the Heart, conſider to what exorbitant heights this pleaſing Pain at laſt may riſe: The bare Poſſibility, that one may one day become that guilty wretched Creature, whoſe Idea I have here drawn out, methinks, ſhould be ſufficient to deter any one from giving too great a liberty to this dangerous Gueſt; but guarding not only their Actions, but their very Thoughts alſo, with *Reaſon* and Diſcretion, ſuffer not that to become a Maſter, which knows no bounds in Power, ſoon grows above Controul, and never, never, when once it has got the better of us, is to be dethroned.

I know that it is a common Belief, that the Joys of *Love* are flat and inſipid, when not indulg'd in their full Force and Vigour; it may be ſo, for any thing I can alledge to the contrary: but granting this Suppoſition real, is it not better to be but moderately bleſs'd, than for a moment's fleeting Happineſs, incur a laſting Wretchedneſs? And ſince I have made it appear, according to the Rules of *Reaſon*, and of *Nature*, that to *love* beyond the Bounds of Prudence, is to enſlave one's ſelf to other more dangerous Paſſions; none ſure, without having taken an utter leave of their Underſtanding, and having reſolv'd to abandon themſelves to every *future Ill* for the Gratification of a *preſent Deſire*, will, but with great Caution, receive the ſweet Deluſion.

It may very well be offer'd in objection to the Deſign of this Diſcourſe, that the preſent Age is *wiſer* than to be too *tender*, and that there is no great danger of any Perſon running into

into the Extravagancies which I adviſe againſt; ſuch vehement Lovers now-a-days being only to be heard of in Plays and Romances. This is indeed a Truth undeniable, and all the Anſwer I can make to it, is, that the leſs Sincerity there is to be found among the Profeſſors of that Paſſion, the leſs reaſon has any one to hope it will be their Lot to meet with it in the Object of their Affections, and conſequently ſhould with the greater Care avoid becoming one of thoſe Wretches, whoſe Misfortune would not be more pitied on the account of the Rareneſs of it, nor have any Advantage by it, unleſs to be more *conſpicuouſly* miſerable than our Neighbours, may be accounted one.

Since therefore there is a Poſſibility of feeling this Paſſion with all the Train of Conſequences I have mention'd, and but a ſmall likelihood of meeting any other Reward than Ingratitude and Infidelity; who would run a riſque ſo dangerous, and expoſe his All in a Lottery, where there are a thouſand Millions of *Blanks* to one *Prize*, and that too of no greater value than the Stake he ventures.

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